

"When the spring-time comes"—
So we say in wintry hours;
And we look upon the snow,
While we think upon the flowers.
And we gaze until hope's bright glory is kindled
in our eyes,
And earth becomes an Eden full of beauty and
delight,
Where the air is far too happy to bear any weight
of sighs,
And myriad forms of gentle things bring glad-
ness to the sight.
And we wander through and through,
Past the fairest trees and flowers,
Till we find the friends we knew,
And link their hands in ours,
And then, in ecstasy of bliss, we seek the sweet-
est bowers.

"When the spring-time comes"—
But ah! the snow is cold,
And Death is colder still,—
Whom may he not enfold?
The glory in our eyes that shone is dimmed with
bitter tears,
And our Eden-flowers have faded into nothing-
ness again;
And we wander sadly, darkly, through a laby-
rinth of years,
And we call for vanished faces, and act wildly in
our pain,
And then there comes a calm,
And our sorrow grows less bold,
As Nature's mighty palm,
O'er God's own mountain rolled,
Once heralded the still, small voice to that lone
seer of old.

"When the spring-time comes"—
Think we of griefs we know,
Had we foreseen them long,
Could we have stood the blow?
Then should we not be thankful for the mercy
that conceals
The future, whether dark or bright, from our too
curious eyes?
God knows what's best for all of us; He covers
or reveals,
As it seemeth to Him best, the ill that in our
pathway lies.
So let us journey on,
Content in weal or woe,
To feel at least that One
Smiles on us as we go,
Who in sublime humility once suffered here be-
low.

"When the spring-time comes"—
Let us live well the hours,
God's spring within the heart
Will wreath them all with flowers.
And when the snow has fallen over hand and
heart and brain,
Some few may say above our graves, "Let us be
like to them,
And though we may not see them when the
spring-time comes again,
We hold their memory more dear than gold or
precious gem.
And at the great Spring day,
When melted are the powers
That hide our souls in clay,
As winter hides the flowers,
May we wreath amaranths with them in Eden's
choicest bowers."

—John Reade.

What Happened.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

It was on a tranquil summer evening
just like many that had preceded it, that
the Widow Anderson sat at her wheel,
spinning flax, just as she had sat on
many a summer, autumn, winter, and
spring evening. All was still; flowers
and insects seemed dropping asleep; lit-
tle birds peeped drowsily in their nests,
and the whole world seemed as quiet
and steady-going as the old clock in the
corner—when something happened!

But this is not the good, old-fashioned,
regular way of beginning a story. I will
start again.
In a little post-town, among the High-
lands of Scotland, far away from any
great city, there lived, a few years ago,
a woman much respected and well-beloved,
though of lowly birth and humble for-
tunes—Mrs. Jean Anderson. She had
been left a widow with one son, the
youngest and last of several promising
children. She was poor, and her indus-
try and economy were taxed to the ut-
most to keep herself and son, who was a
fine, clever lad. And to give him the edu-
cation he so ardently desired at the early
age of sixteen, Malcom Anderson resolv-
ed to seek his fortune in the wide world,
and became a sailor. He made several
voyages to India and China, and always,
like the good boy he was brought home
some useful present to his mother, to
whom he gave also a large portion of his
earnings.

But he never liked a seafaring life,
though he grew strong and stalwart in
it; and when about nineteen, he obtain-
ed a humble position in a large mercan-
tile house in Calcutta, where, being
shrewd, enterprising and honest, like
most of his countrymen, he gradually
rose to a place of trust and importance,
and finally to a partnership. As his
fortunes improved, his mother's circum-
stances were made easier. He remitted
money enough to secure her the old cot-
tage home repaired and enlarged, with
a garden and lawn; and placed at her com-
mand, annually, a sum sufficient to meet
all her wants, and to pay the wages of a
faithful servant or rather companion;
for the brisk, independent old lady stout-
ly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. An-
derson never found time and freedom for
the long voyage and a visit home; till
at last, failing health, and the necessity
of educating his children, compelled him
to abruptly wind up his affairs, and re-
turn to Scotland. He was then a man
somewhat over forty, but looking far
older than his years, showing all the us-
ual ill effects of the trying climate of In-
dia. His complexion was a sallow brown;
he was gray and somewhat bald, with
here and there a dash of white in his
dark Auburn beard; he was thin and a
little bent, but his youthful smile re-
mained full of quiet drollery, and his eye
had not lost all its old gleeful sparkle,
by pouring over ledgers and counting
rupees.

He had married a country-woman, the
daughter of a Scotch surgeon; had two
children, a son and a daughter. He did

not write to his good mother that he was
coming home, as he wished to surprise
her, and test her memory of her sailor
boy. The voyage was made in safety.
One summer afternoon, Mr. Malcom
Anderson arrived with his family at his
native town. Putting up at the little
inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a
suit of sailor clothes, and then walked
out alone. By a by-path he well knew,
and then through a shady lane, dear to
his young, hazel-nuttings, allstrange-
ly unchanged, he approached his moth-
er's cottage. He stopped for a few mo-
ments on the lawn outside, to curb down
the heart that was bounding to meet that
mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden
mist of happy tears. Through the open
window he caught a glimpse of her sit-
ting alone at her spinning-wheel, as in
the old time. But, alas, how changed!
Bowed was the dear form, once so erect,
and silvered the locks once so brown,
and dimmed the eyes once so full of
tender brightness, like dew-stained
violets. But the voice, with which she
was crooning softly to herself, was still
sweet, and there was on her cheek the
same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years
ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear
remembered voice called to him in the
simple, old-fashioned way—"Coom Ben!"
(come in). The widow rose at sight of a
stranger, and courteously offered him a
chair. Thanking her in an assumed
voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as
though wearied, saying that he was a
wayfarer, strange to the country, and
asking the way to the next town. The
twilight favored him in his little ruse;
he saw that she did not recognize him,
even as one she had ever seen. But after
giving him the information he desired,
she asked him if he was a Scotchman by
birth. "Yes, madam," he replied; but
I have been away in foreign parts many
years. I doubt if my own mother would
know me now, though she was very fond
of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's little ye ken about
mither, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye
there is na mortal memory like theirs,"
the widow somewhat warmly replied;
then added—"And where hae ye been
for sae lang a time, that ye hae lost a' the
Scotch frae your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."
"Ah, then, it's likely ye ken something
of my son, Mr. Malcom Anderson?"
"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as
though striving to remember. "There be
many of that name in Calcutta; but is
your son a rich merchant, and a man
about my age and size, with something
such a figurehead?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied
the widow, proudly, "but he is younger
than you by many a lang year, and, beg-
ging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He
is tall and straight, w' hands and feet
like a lassie's; he had brown, curling
hair, sae thick and glossy; and cheeks
like the rose, and a brow like the snow,
and big blue een, w' a glint in them like
the light of the evening star!—Na, na,
ye are are no like my Malcom, though ye
are a guid enough body, I dinna doubt,
and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, con-
siderably taken down, made a movement
as though to leave, but the hospitable
dame stayed him, saying—"Gin ye hae
traveled a' the way frae India, ye maun
be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and
eat and drink w' us. Margary! come
down, and let us set on the supper."

The two women soon provided quite a
tempting repast, and they all three sat
down to it—Mrs. Anderson reverently
asking a blessing. But the merchant
could not eat. He was only hungry for
his mother's kisses—only thirsty for her
joyful recognition; yet he could not
bring himself to say to her—"I am your
son." He asked himself, half grieved,
half amused—"Where are the unerring,
natural instincts I have read about in
poetry and novels?"

His hostess seeing he did not eat, kind-
ly asked if he could suggest anything he
would be likely to relish. "I thank you,
madam," he answered, "it does seem to
me that I should like some oatmeal por-
ridge, such as my mother used to make,
if so be ye have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah,
ye mean *parritch*. Yes, we hae a little
left frae our dinner. Gie it to him,
Margary. But, mon, it is cauld."
"Never mind; I know I shall like it,"
he rejoined, taking the bowl, and begin-
ning to stir the porridge with his spoon.
As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a slight
start, and bent eagerly toward him.
Then she sank back in her chair with a
sigh, saying in answer to his questioning
look—

"Ye minded me o' my Malcom, then—
just in that way we used to stir his
parritch—gieing it a twirl and a flirt. Ah!
gin ye were my Malcom, my poor lad-
die!"

"Weel then, gin I were your Mal-
com," said the merchant, speaking for the
first time in the Scottish dialect, and in
his own voice; "for gin your braw young
Malcom were as brown, and bald, and
gray, and bent, and old, as I am, could
ye welcome him to your arms, and love
him as in the dear old lang yae? Could
ye, mither?"

All through this touching little speech
the widow's eyes had been glistening, and
her breath coming fast; but at that word

"mither," she sprang up with a glad cry,
and tottering to her son, fell almost faint-
ing on his breast. He kissed her again
and again—kissed her brow, and her lips,
and her hands, while the big tears slid
down his bronzed cheeks; while she clung
about his neck and called him by all the
dear old pet names, and tried to see in
him all the dear old young looks. By-and-
by they came back—or the ghosts of them
came back. The form in her embrace
grew comelier; love and joy gave to it a
second youth, stately and gracious; the
first she then and there buried deep in
her heart—a sweet, beautiful, peculiar
memory. It was a moment of solemn
renunciation, in which she gave up the
fond maternal illusion she had cherished
so long. Then looking up steadily into
the face of the middle-aged man, who had
taken its place, she asked:

"Where hae ye left the wife and
bairns?"
"At the inn, mother. Have you room
for us at the cottage?"
"Indeed I have—two goodspare-rooms
w' large closets, twa stockied w' linen I
hae been spinning or weaving a' these
lang years for ye baith and the weans."

"Weel, mother dear, now ye must
rest," rejoined the merchant tenderly.
"Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye
lay me down to tak' my lang rest. There
will be time enough between that day
and the resurrection to fauld my hands
in idleness. Now 'twould be unco irk-
some. But go, my son, and bring me
the wife—I hope I shall like her; and
the bairns—I hope they will like me."

I have only to say, that both the good
woman's hopes were realized. A very
happy family knelt down in prayer that
night, and many nights after, in the
widow's cottage, whose climbing roses
and woodbine were but outward signs
and types of the sweetness and blessed-
ness of the love and peace within.

The Overland.

I stood, one fresh June morning, on
the quay of Cork, to see some emigrants
embark on one of the steamers for Fal-
mouth, on their way to America. The
exiles numbered some two hundred—
men women and children. A great
crowd had assembled to bid them a last
adieu.

It was a scene that one could not wit-
ness without heart-pain or tears. Mothers
hung upon the necks of their sons;
young girls clung to elder sisters; fathers—
old, white-headed men—fell upon their
knees, and uplifting their thin,
trembling hands to heaven, implored the
protecting care of the Almighty upon
their departing children, whom they
would never see again.

"Och," said one aged woman, with a
wrinkled face and bright, silvery hair;
"och, Dennis, all's gone from me in the
wide world when you gone."

She clung fondly, as with intense af-
fection, to the arm of a fair-faced young
man, evidently about twenty years of
age.

"Sure you was all I had left—of seven
sons, but you! Oh, Dennis, Dennis,
never forget your mother!—don't avour-
heen—your poor old mother, Dennis!"

The sun shone bright on the sea, and
the woman gazed dreamily into the gold-
en distance, then lifted her face to the
clear sky, and her soul seemed to glow
with a hope that was not quenched by
this sad scene of parting.

"We'll meet in the Overland," she
said, "if we only have the love of God."
Dennis supported the old woman to-
wards the ship, and a young woman,
weeping, followed them. They all stop-
ped presently beside a small cart that had
conveyed the young man's baggage.

"I'll send home for both of you, Peg-
gy, in the rise of next year. Be a child
to mother till then, and then, avourneen,
you'll be my own."

The time of parting came. Such a
scene! Dim, noise, turmoil, embraces,
kisses, tears. Dennis was gone, and the
old woman lay fainting in the arms of
the girl whom he loved. The band on
the forecable struck up "St. Patrick's
Day," the communicating plank was
withdrawn, and the steamer moved ma-
jestically out into the blue sea.

I turned away; but that scene of
parting remained in my memory, and
the words of the old Irish mother, as she
raised her eyes to the blue sky of early
summer that spanned the harbor of
Cork.

"We'll meet in the Overland, if we
only have the love of God."

Four burglars stole \$1,200 of a
widow in Oakland, Cal. the other night,
and her son-in-law shot two of them,
captured a third, and recovered all the
money. When asked why he treated
his mother-in-law in that way, he ex-
cused himself by saying that "the old
woman was rather weakly, and he
thought the money had better remain in
the family."

"Schoolmistress—Johnny, I'm
ashamed of you! When I was your age
I could read as well as I can now."
"Aw, but you'd a different teacher to
what we've got."

A geography printed in London
one hundred years ago describes Califor-
nia as an Island surrounded by water.

Facts from Scripture.

There were ten generations from Adam
to Noah, embracing a period of 1,056
years. Lamech was of the ninth gener-
ation. He was Noah's father, and was
fifty-six years old when Adam died.
Therefore Lamech could communicate to
his son Noah all that Adam had commu-
nicated to him about the creation and
the fall. It was transmitted by Adam to
Lamech and by Lamech to Noah.

There were ten generations from Noah
to Abraham, embracing a period of 950
years. Shem was Noah's son, and Shem
lived long enough to talk with Abraham
sixty years, and could therefore commu-
nicate to him all that Lamech had told
Noah.

There were five generations from Abra-
ham to Moses, embracing a period of 600
years. Jacob was Abraham's grandson,
and lived long enough to tell Amram,
the father of Moses, all that he had
learned from his grandfather Abraham.
Thus Moses became well informed upon
the history of the creation and the fall
by a transmission of all the details
through a chain of only four persons, and
those four were remarkable for their
truth and great wisdom.

These generations all descended from
Seth, the son of Adam. There was an-
other line of eight generations who de-
scended from Cain, but who were all cut
off by the flood. In that line were some
remarkable men, to whom we owe much
of our knowledge of music and artifice
of metals, viz., Jubal and Jubal Cain.
No doubt the results of their skill
and inventions were handed down to
Noah and his sons by succeeding gener-
ations.

Abraham had eight children—one by
Sarah, one by Hagar and six by Keturah.
Of these six one was named Midian;
and it was his descendants and the de-
scendants of Ishmael (another son)
who sold Joseph to Potiphar. It seems
that the Midianites and the Ishmaelites
were journeying together with a caravan.

The longevity of mankind kept up
well near to the flood. After this it de-
creased with every generation down to
Joseph, who lived to be only one hun-
dred and ten years. From that period
to this the age of man has varied but lit-
tle, though but few men attain to a
greater age than three-score years and
ten.

The book of Genesis embraces a pe-
riod of 2,500 years of the world's his-
tory, which brings it down to the birth
of Moses. All the other books of the
Old Testament embrace a period of only
1,500 years.—*Rome Commercial*.

How He Got "Bounced."

As a newly-engaged commercial trav-
eler was about starting upon a "drum-
ming" trip from his place in Chicago, one
day this week, he suddenly turned to
his employer, a grave old merchant, and
inquired:

"I say, boss, what shall I do if I get
out of 'soap'?"

"Soap?" said the old gentleman; "why,
save your samples, and then you won't
get out."

"But I mean what if I should get out
of 'grease'?" continued the young man.
"Grease? grease?" pondered the mer-
chant; "why, you don't need any grease
—you're not working for a lubricating
estab—"

"Oh, but you don't understand me,"
chimed in the youthful employee, rather
embarrassed; "I mean what shall I do
if I run out of 'spondulix'—stamps—
'wealth'?"

"Spondulix? stamps? wealth?" echoed
the mystified merchant, looking at the
young fellow over his glasses, to see if he
had gone crazy.

"Yes, currency—greenbacks"—ex-
plained the drummer—"cash—money—
you know!"

A light seemed to dawn upon the old
merchant's mind at this moment, for gaz-
ing upon the creature before him with a
look of mingled contempt and pity, he
broke forth:

"Young man I rather guess you
needn't go out, for I don't believe our
class of customers could get along very
well with you—they all speak English.
Step up to the desk and the man there
will settle with you."

And that is the way the "high-toned
kid" got "bounced"—all through the per-
nicious habit of "slinging slang."—*Chi-
cago Journal*.

"Are the young ladies of the
present day fit for wives?" asked a lectur-
er of his audience. "They are fit for
husbands," responded a feminine voice;
"but the difficulty is that young men
are not fit for wives." The applause was
great, as was the discomfiture of the lec-
turer.

Upward of 500,000 new grape
vines, mostly of the raisin variety, will
be planted in Fresno county, Cal. this
spring.

An old Scotch lady gave a point-
ed reply to a minister who knew he had
offended her, and expressed surprise that
she should come so regularly to hear
him preach. Said she, "My quarrel's
wi' you, man; it's no wi' the Gospel."

Maize, or Indian Corn.

Jane—Father I saw some funny re-
marks in one of the papers because a
writer spoke of the Israelites seeing Indi-
an corn growing in the promised land.
We see it so common, that a great many
people think it always grew in most
countries. Please tell us something
about it.

Father—Indian corn, or simply corn,
as we often call it, is a native plant in
America, and it is the only bread-making
grain found on the continent.

Harry—Did no wheat or rye or bar-
ley grow here?
Father—No, my son; a kind of wild
rice grows in the northern lakes, but it
has never been cultivated by the Indians
or white people.

Jane—Where was Indian corn first
discovered?

Father—Columbus and the early voy-
agers found it cultivated in the West In-
dies and South America. In one of the
languages of the West Indies it was call-
ed maize, and that has been kept as the
proper name for the grain.

Harry—Why do they call it Indian
corn?

Father—America was first called the
Indies, and the people were then called
the Indians, and many things found here
were also called Indian.

Jane—What do people in England
mean by corn?

Father—In England corn means all
the grain used for bread—wheat, rye,
oats, barley; and this is the sense in
which it is used in the Bible.

Harry—Do the people in Europe raise
our Indian corn?

Father—In the Southern parts it has
been introduced, but it is not much used
in the north.

Harry—What can be done with the
stalks?

Father—The stalks have not been
turned to much account. They are hard
and contain flint which makes them.

Harry—Did all the Indian tribes raise
this corn?

Father—A great number of tribes cul-
tivated it. Fields of it were found from
Chili, in South America, to what is now
New Hampshire and Wisconsin.

Jane—Cornstarch is made from Indian
corn, is it not? The packages have an
ear of corn on them.

Father—Yes; besides the hominy or
cracked corn, Indian meal or ground
corn, we have, too, this corn starch pre-
pared from the useful maize; and then,
you know, we boil the ears before they
ripen and become too hard.

Harry—How much Indian corn is
raised in the United States?

Father—More than you would like to
measure, my boy. According to the
census, we raised, in 1870, nearly seven
hundred and sixty-one millions of bush-
els.

Shoes and Sermons.

A story is told of an old Duke of
Leeds, we think, in the earlier part of
George III. One morning he was with
his chaplain and his friend, Dr. Monsey,
soon after breakfast, in his library, when
Mr. Walkden, of Pall Mall, his grace's
shoemaker, was introduced with a new
pair of shoes, which he was to fit on his
grace. The shoemaker was a great favori-
te of the duke. "What have you there,
Walkden?" said he to him. "The pair
of shoes for your grace," he replied. "Let
me see them." They were handed to him
accordingly. The chaplain took up one
and examined it with great attention.
"What is the price?" asked the chap-
lain. "Half-a-guinea, sir," said the shoemaker.
"Half-a-guinea! what, for a pair
of shoes?" said the chaplain; "why, I
could go to Cranbourne Alley and buy a
better pair of shoes than they ever were
or ever will be, for five and six-pence."
He then threw the shoe to the other
end of the room. Walkden threw the
other after it, saying, "As they were
fellows, they had better go together," at
the same time saying to the chaplain,
"Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields
and buy a better sermon for twopence
than the duke gives you a guinea for."

The duke clapped Walkden on the
shoulder, saying, "Well done, Walkden,
that's capital; make me half-a-
dozen of these shoes directly."—*Leisure
Hour*.

Toward the close of a ball in
Paris the other night, a young lady who
was passionately fond of dancing, was
asked by her mother to prepare for the
carriage. "Only this last waltz," en-
treated the young girl, and she glided
away with her partner. Suddenly he
cried out in horror. The young lady had
died while in his arms, and he was waltz-
ing with a corpse.

In Burma if two married peo-
ple are tired of each other's society,
they dissolve partnership in the following
touching but conclusive manner. They
light two candles, and shutting up their
hut, sit down and wait quietly until they
are burned out. The one whose candle
burns out first gets up at once and leaves
the house (and forever), taking nothing
but the clothes he or she may have on at
the time; all else becomes the property
of the other party.

The Emperor and the Cobbler.

Our readers have no doubt often heard
of cobbles among kings, without per-
haps being able to recall any instances
of this incongruous companionship. Such
instances, however, there are. That
great emperor, Charles V., was a jovial
kind of man, he had a good deal of the
Fleming in his nature, and he was fond
of his States of the Netherlands, and
felt it a relaxation of state when he could
spend some time in Brussels. He had
also a good deal of the cunning of the
princes of that day, in his desire to move
among the people in their lowly enjoy-
ments, and to hear what they said of
himself. One night he chose to fancy
that one of his boots wanted mending,
and he also chose to look after the repair
himself. It was in his most favorite city
of Brussels. He went down to the house
of a cobbler—we have no doubt, if the
truth were known, this cobbler was one
of those fervent and moving spirits of
which the various guilds of the middle
ages possessed so many, and who were
often men with whom emperors and
princes found it as well to be on good
terms—but unfortunately, this particu-
lar night on which the monarch set forth
was St. Crispin's Eve, and the cobbler
was with a cluster of jovial acquaintances,
in an inn hard by. Thither, nothing
loth, repaired the emperor, showed his
boot to the cobbler, and told him he
wanted a cast of his handiwork, offering
him at the same time extra pay, as the
need was pressing. "What, friend," said
the fellow, "do you know no better than
to ask one of our craft to work on St.
Crispin's Day? Were it Charles him-
self I would not do a stitch;—but here
we are as merry as the emperor can be;
sit down and drink with us to St. Crispin.
You are welcome, and we will stand
charges." There are plenty of instances
to show that Charles was not indisposed
to accept such invitations, and he was
soon in the spirit of the meeting. By-
and-by the cobbler said, "You have a con-
templative phiz, I suppose you are a coun-
cilor or politician waiting on his majesty?"
Anyhow, you are heartily welcome.
Come, here's Charles V.'s health!"

"Then you love Charles V.," said the
guest.

"Love him?" said Crispin; "aye, aye,
I love old Nosey very well, but I should
love him a good deal better if he taxed
us a little less; but then we've nothing
to do with politics to-night—round with
the glasses, and let us be merry."

After a time the emperor took his
leave, thanking his host for his hospitable
reception and entertainment.

"That," said the son of St. Crispin,
"you are heartily welcome to, but I would
not have done a stitch of work to-day
even for the emperor."

Charles was pleased with the good hu-
mor and cheeriness of the fellow, and
next morning sent for him to court. We
may imagine his surprise when he found
that his companion of the night before
was "Old Nosey" himself and he greatly
feared for the consequences of his joke.

The emperor, however, said, after thank-
ing him for his entertainment, that it
would never do for such as he to receive
hospitality unacknowledged and unre-
compensated, so he told him to ask what
he most desired, and to take a night to
recover from his surprise, and to think
about it. Next morning came the cob-
bler again to the court and preferred, as
his request, that "for the future the cob-
blers of Brussels should have as their
coat-of-arms a boot with the emperor's
crown over it."

This request was immediately granted,
but the emperor said it was so modest
that he must make another.
"Tien," said the cobbler, "if I am to
have my utmost wishes, let your Majesty
command that the Company of Cobblers
should take precedence of the Company
of Shoemakers!"

It was accordingly settled so, and
there is a chapel in Flanders adorned
with a boot and imperial crown; and
we believe it is true that to this day in
all public processions, the Company of
Cobblers takes precedence of the Com-
pany of Shoemakers, and the origin of
this is said to be as we have stated.

There is a story told of our Henry
VIII. and a merry cobbler, not altogether
unlike this of Charles V.—*Leisure Hour*.

A Portsmouth, N. H., young
man who was inconsistent enough to
"come in," after he had escorted a girl
home from prayer meeting, the other
Sunday evening, was obliged to stop
to family prayers, which came on very
soon, but, when the pious householder
prayed that "the young man who, for the
time being, is one of our number, may be
directed toward his Father's house," he
took his hat and left without ceremony.

The question is asked why news-
papers will insist in abbreviating a Son
of Temperance and make a S. O. T. of
him.

Fort Sill, so suddenly grown
famous, was named in honor of J. W.
Sill, a most gay and promising young
officer, who commanded a brigade in
Sheridan's division at the battle of Stone
River, and fell dead at the head of his
troops on December 31, 1862.

Cultivate a Pure Expression.

Every word that falls from the lips of
mothers and sisters especially should be
pure, and concise, and simple; no pearls,
such as fall from the lips of the princess,
but sweet, good words, that little children
can gather without fear of soil, or after
shame, or blame,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to P. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Sylve, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 13, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Lecture and Service.

The REV. DR. GALLAUDET will lecture before the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., and on Sunday, the 30th, at 2:30 P. M., conduct the quarterly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany.

Help the Deaf and Dumb to Work.

The attention of our readers is called to a notice from Dr. Gallaudet, published elsewhere. Dr. Gallaudet knows of several able-bodied deaf-mutes in New York city who are out of employment and would like to engage in farm work. Should any deaf-mutes and their friends who are farmers desire help, or if they know of any opportunities whereby they can assist them in getting work, they will confer a favor by writing to Dr. Gallaudet. At this season of the year many farmers are engaging help, and we presume those deaf-mutes would be industrious workers. Try them a year.

A New Way of Getting a Paper.

In general terms we commend economy, but there is a certain way of doing business in the newspaper trade that has a strong resemblance to sponging. For instance, some of the subscribers of the JOURNAL after they have read it sell it second-handed to others who are too stingy to pay a publisher a living price for it. The usual price paid by these second-handed subscribers for a year's subscription ranges from fifty to seventy-five cents a year. This process of doubling up subscribers is not exactly the proper way of supporting a paper which is published in the interest of the deaf and dumb, and which is popularly acknowledged to be the best paper of its kind published. There are others who, after reading its columns to their satisfaction, trade it away with subscribers of other deaf-mute papers. Both of these methods serve the purpose of crippling the resources of a paper by retarding its circulation. The case of a deaf-mute paper is very different from that of other papers. The expense of maintaining a good, interesting paper, adapted to the wants of our people, is greater than that required for one for hearing persons. Notwithstanding there are in the United States about 20,000 deaf-mutes, when it is remembered that we are drifting in the tide of about 40,000,000 speaking population, we are comparatively an isolated class. It requires, therefore, a large expense and no small amount of labor to condense statistics and gather news from such a widespread population, and prepare a paper adapted to the needs of all of them. It will thus appear obvious to all that, to furnish a good reading paper of this kind, justice to the proprietor requires that it should receive proper support from its own class of citizens. Subscribers may imagine that they are doing a thriving business by a system of exchanges, but it is proper to state that if they wish to kill a paper that is doing more for the interests of the deaf and dumb than any of its contemporaries, such a course will accomplish the feat. But if they wish to preserve and keep alive such a good weekly publication as the JOURNAL, they are pursuing a very wrong plan. No disinterested person can fail to discover that it is a source of much more benefit to the deaf-mutes in general than of personal compensation to its proprietor and editors. We, therefore, respectfully ask that, instead of trying to get their paper by second-handed subscription and the system of exchanges, they, like true men, who are willing to live and let live, send \$1.50 to the proprietor and subscribe for the JOURNAL for one year, or 75 cts. for six months. No reasonable deaf-mute can find fault with the price and character of the paper. Gentlemen of the deaf-mutes, look well to your general interests, subscribe and help support the JOURNAL, which is doing all it can for the benefit and welfare of the deaf and dumb.

—The usual Children's Easter Service, at Grace (Episcopal) church, will take place next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Strangers and members of other churches are respectfully invited to be present. Morning service with the Holy Communion will be at 10.45.

—To-morrow is Good Friday.

—And Sunday next is Easter.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer*.

SICKNESS proved a blessing in disguise in the case recorded below. The letter which gives the particulars is from the Oregon Independence, and is authenticated by the Portland Oregonian: "A Mr. ELKINS had two of his sons attending the deaf and dumb school at Salem, where they were both stricken down with the fever so prevalent in that school. He took them both home and attended to them with great care, but while one of them got well quick, the other remained quite low, caused, as the doctor said, by the eruption in the ear which was continually running. But what was the joy of the father, when he perceived that his son showed signs of being able to hear! It annoys him as yet to be spoken to, or to hear any harsh noise, but he can hear even the snapping of the fire. The boy is now getting slowly better, and the father has great hope that he will be able to hear hereafter."

A report has been circulated that R. D. LIVINGSTONE, of Boston, has left the Boston Custom House, but we learn from reliable authority that he resigned his former position simply for the purpose of taking another in the same Custom House.

CHAUNCEY ENGLE, of Oswego Center, who last week paid us a visit, told us that he met with an accident a few days ago. He had been to take two ladies to Wheeler's Station on the Southern Central railroad. While on his way home he met a team on the brow of a high hill, and just at that moment a man in the other wagon raised an umbrella, at the sight of which Mr. Engle's horse became terribly frightened; and, giving a lurch, broke one of the shafts. Mr. Engle, although wrapped in the buffalo robe, jumped from the vehicle, retaining his hold upon the reins while the horse was plunging and frantic with terror. Fortunately he succeeded in bringing the animal to a halt. Being on a narrow road, on both sides of which was an embankment, he considered himself lucky in escaping without injury to himself or horse.

WILLIAM B. BARTON, son of JOHN L. BARTON, of Quaker Street, N. Y., died April 3d, at the age of two years, seven months and three days. His funeral was held at the Church of the Friends on the 5th inst. He has doubtless gone to his heavenly home.

A letter from a friend in Ottawa, Ont., in renewing his subscription, says: "There are five deaf-mutes in this city. We like the JOURNAL better than any other deaf-mute paper."

IRA W. LEWIS, of Oxford, N. Y., brother of Miss PRUDENCE LEWIS, of the New York Institution, sold his beautiful farm lately for \$6,000.

MR. A. W. MANN recently paid a day's visit to MR. and MRS. E. P. HOLMES, of Clarendon Hills, Ill., while on his circuit of missionary work.

We were pleased the other day to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. MILTON A. JONES, who live on a farm about one mile from Sand Hill station on the Oswego & Rome railroad. Like many others they are battling against hard times and no doubt will gain the victory. Mr. Jones is a brother of LAWRENCE N. JONES of the same place.

A jurymen remarked: "May it please your honor—I am deaf in one ear." "Then leave the box," said the judge, "a juror must hear both sides."

The Binghamton Republican has the following: "On Monday a tramp went to the house of Mr. Crevier, on Sanford street, and presented to Mrs. Crevier a paper stating that he was deaf and dumb. She thoughtlessly asked, 'How long have you been so?' and the unfortunate man, in an equally thoughtless manner, replied, 'About six months.' In a moment he realized his blunder, and seizing the paper, rapidly departed, and will doubtless be more careful in the future."

A Dastardly Outrage.

(From the Wellington (Ill.) Enterprise, Jan. 20, 1876.)

On Saturday morning last, about 3 o'clock, some rascals broke into the shoe shop of the Sautter Bros., and carried away nearly everything on the premises. They took a lot of valuable French calfskins, several pairs of fine boots which had just been finished, two watches, all the clothing they could find, in fact, everything of a portable nature.

The burglars effected an entrance in a curious manner. Getting under the house they bored through the floor into the sleeping room of the Sautters and directly under the bed. John and Jacob Sautter were both sleeping in the room at the time but being deaf-mutes heard nothing to alarm them. When they awoke in the morning the unfortunate victims found that there was scarcely enough wearing apparel left to enable them to dress. Their trunks had been completely emptied of their contents. It happened, however, that a pocket-book containing their money, was under their pillow and was not disturbed. The actual value of the goods stolen was about \$275.

There are but few professional thieves sunk so low in the social scale who would take such advantage of men's misfortunes as did the perpetrators of this outrage. We have some little respect for a thief who can successfully carry on his depredations in the face of danger, but in this case there was no danger, for the victims could not hear, while the plunder secured constituted almost all the worldly possessions of poor men, who will have to devote months of hard labor to retrieve their loss.

The circumstances of the case were so lamentable that our citizens were greatly

exercised over it, and it would not have improved the health of the thieves had they been caught about the time the robbery was discovered. As it is they escaped, although suspicion is strong, and possibly they may yet be arrested.

We advise our citizens, hereafter, to keep good watch over their premises, and to put a heavy dose of cold lead into all persons found around at night. Make every tramp give an account of himself or leave the country instantly.

[The above-mentioned deaf-mutes are graduates of the Illinois Institution for Deaf-mutes, and are intelligent, industrious citizens. Their loss by the burglary so excited the sympathies of some of the villagers and neighboring farmers that they at once made up a purse of \$150, and presented it to them to aid them in continuing their business, and promised them their patronage besides. A cousin of the deaf-mutes, upon hearing of their loss, immediately sent a large, ferocious bull dog to guard their property for them hereafter during the night. We sincerely hope that the low-lived sneak thieves may be discovered, and punished to the full extent of the law. We heartily sympathize with the Sautter Brothers, and hope they will receive sufficient patronage to retrieve the loss of their stolen goods.—ED. JOURNAL.]

A Worthy Object.

Mr. Wm. B. Swett, a deaf-mute of this town, who has been for many years devoting all his energies to the welfare of his fellows in misfortune, and who recently had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye by long sickness, is earnestly at work, raising funds with which to purchase a farm and commence the establishment of an Industrial Home for deaf-mutes. He was appointed general agent, by a board of ten trustees, men of high respectability. The work is a truly worthy and meritorious one, and has received the warmest approval of many of our best citizens. He does not wish his unfortunate class to be dependent upon charity for a living. There are many poor deaf-mutes, with families to support, who would be glad to have the advantage for earning their support, provided by the proposed Industrial Home. There they will be paid whatever they can earn. Mr. Swett has had a large experience in traveling, investigating and observing the conditions of the mutes he has met with in the New England States.

Constant appeals for help are made to Mr. Swett, and he has responded with time and money, as far forth as he was able. We hope that those charitably disposed, in this town, and elsewhere, will contribute what they can to aid him in his good work.—*Marblehead (Mass.) Messenger*, April 1, 1876.

Instruction of Deaf-Mutes.

Deaf-mutes excel in pantomime. A large amount of gesture and pantomime is naturally employed in their conversation, and it thus becomes easy to train them to perform pantomimic plays. I have seen one young man, a deaf-mute, whose narration in this manner of a hunter, who made a pair of buckskin breeches, hung them up during the summer, drew them on when the rainy season came on, and found a hornet's nest within, was interpreted amid roars of laughter. This told, it was far more vivid than words could have possibly made it, and infinitely more amusing.

The sign-language, growing slowly from natural signs—i. e., signs representing the shape, quality or use of objects, or the action expressed by verbs—has at length become a perfected system. This language is the same throughout Europe and America, so that deaf-mutes from any country of Christendom can readily communicate with each other, however diverse their nationality. Being formed from analogy, many of the signs are exceedingly expressive. Thus the sign for "headache" is made by darting the two forefingers toward each other just in front of the forehead. The sign for "Summer" is drawing the curved forefinger across the brow, as if wiping off the sweat. "Heat," or rather "hotness," is expressed by blowing with open mouth into the hand, and then shaking it suddenly as if burned. "Flame" and "fire" are represented by a quivering, upward motion of all the fingers. The memory of the ancient, ruffled shirt of our forefathers is perpetuated in the sign of "gentle," "gentility" or "fine." It is the whole open hand, with fingers pointing upward, shaken in front of the breast.

"Gentleman" and "lady" are expressed by the signs for "man" (the hat-brim) and "woman" (the bonnet string), followed by the ruffled-shirt sign. The sign for "Jesus" is doubtless the most tender and touching in the whole language. It is made by touching the palm of each hand in succession with the middle finger of the other. This represents the print of the nails. The name "Jesus" itself does not convey so pathetic and expressive a meaning as does this sign.

The instruction of deaf-mutes in articulate speech has of late years attracted considerable attention in both Europe and America. In some of the European schools, in the Clarke Institute at Northampton, Mass., and in a few of our State institutions it is brought to great perfection. There are also special schools for this system of teaching in most of our large cities. The majority of pupils in these schools converse with ease, and understand readily what is said to them by means of the motion of the lips. The Clarke Institute at Northampton, already referred to, under the conduct of Miss Harriet Rogers, is the largest and most widely-known of the schools for this special method of instruction in this country. This is not a State institution, but one endowed by the

municipality of a private gentleman, and consequently subject to none of the restrictions imposed on the public institutions. Of course, only the most promising pupils are sent there, and from these a careful selection is made, by which means the highest possible success is insured. Some of the State institutions, however, burdened as they are with a large and unassorted mass of pupils, have made most encouraging progress in this direction. Of these, one of the most successful is the Illinois Institution. In its last published report the correspondence between the principal and the parents of those pupils who have been taught by this method is given, showing the utmost satisfaction at the progress made and the results attained.—*Lippincott's for April*.

How to Reach the Centennial.

Those of our readers in this section who purpose visiting the Centennial, will read with interest the following, which we take from a pamphlet issued by the New York and Oswego Midland railroad company:

It is estimated by competent authority that there will be five million visitors to the Centennial. As may be supposed, the transportation of such immense throngs of visitors safely and comfortably to and from the Centennial city is a problem not easily solved. But the Managers of The Midland Centennial Line have been making strenuous efforts to meet the coming demand, and have hit upon a plan which, so far as the residents of Eastern, Central and Northern New York are concerned, will provide every facility for direct, rapid, cheap and commodious travel between their homes and Philadelphia, and a home while there. The plan is one that cannot but commend itself to everyone contemplating the trip.

The Midland Centennial Line is composed of a number of first-class twelve-wheeled coaches, with all the modern improvements, which will be run during the entire period of the Exhibition between points in Northern, Central and Eastern New York and New Jersey and the Centennial Grounds at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The chain of railroads composed of the New York and Oswego Midland, the New Jersey Midland, and the Pennsylvania railroads form the only unbroken route between the points named, and coaches will be run through without change, affording the visitor an opportunity of stepping on board at Oswego, or any intermediate point, and alighting at the gates of the Exhibition Grounds.

A day's visit in New York may also be included in the trip for those who desire it. The coaches of the Midland Centennial Line will deliver passengers in Jersey City, whence they can cross by ferry-boat every ten minutes, to either Cortlandt Street in the business center of the city, or to Desbrosses Street, convenient to the up-town hotels, theaters and dry goods stores, their coach meanwhile remaining in the Jersey City depot, and their journey to be resumed at convenience.

The coaches will be especially adapted to the use of tourists, and will be fitted up to be occupied as a home both night and day during the entire trip. They will be handsomely carpeted, furnished with easy chairs and adjustable tables for lunch, card playing, writing, etc., and provided with sleeping accommodations for twenty-five persons, and day accommodations for forty persons. A competent porter will be constantly in attendance. Parties may provide themselves as far as they desire with refreshments before leaving home, and as each car will contain a refrigerator this arrangement will be entirely economical and practicable. The porter will have all necessary apparatus for making tea and coffee, and the cars at night will be amply lighted for reading and writing purposes. They will be provided with apartments affording all desirable privacy for ladies and children. Baggage and personal effects can always be entrusted with the porter.

A movable home is thus placed at moderate rates at the disposal of all who would avail themselves this season of an opportunity to visit New York, Philadelphia and the great Centennial. The coach, complete in all the appointments of parlor, dining-room and sleeping apartments, may be used as the tourist's abode by day and by night during the entire period of absence. At Philadelphia, it will be placed on the side track, adjacent to the Centennial Grounds, thus affording a comfortable lodging during the visitor's stay, and obviating all expense of exorbitant hotel bills. Numerous restaurants, affording meals at limited prices, will be found adjacent to and in the Centennial Grounds. Thus, as will be seen, the visitor carries his home with him, can devote his entire time to the Exposition, and will be at no loss for a convenient shelter or resting place during his stay.

Parties at any point on the line of the New York and Oswego or New Jersey Midland railroads, desiring to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the "Midland Centennial Line," should organize in clubs of not less than twenty-five, at once, and address Wm. H. Wedd, General Passenger Agent, 145 Broadway, New York, for cars and terms. There are very few communities in which a pleasure party of this number cannot be made up, and the expense divided among them all will thus become comparatively light. In many localities it will even be practicable to organize family parties of the number designated. It is calculated that the entire outlay of each one of such a party for everything (giving two full days to the Exhibition)—meals, fare, parlor and sleeping car accommodations and all—need not be more than \$30 or \$35 for the round trip from Oswego, and a less sum from intermediate points, according to distance. Certainly, one would not have anticipated making such a trip for so comparatively trifling an outlay; yet, such is the opportunity offered by the "Midland Centennial Line."

As the Exhibition commences on the 10th of May, the best months will be May and June, before the summer travel has begun, and all the accommodations for excursions have been taken up. It will be well, therefore, for clubs to organize and put their application for a coach on file at the earliest possible moment. Full and ample notice must be given to the managers, in order to allow them to make the necessary arrangements. Those who secure the cars during the first two months of the season will see the Exhibition at its best, before the goods and articles have become soiled and tarnished by exposure and handling.

It may be safely stated, that such an opportunity for visiting at comparatively trifling expense, and in the most commodious and luxurious manner, the two principal cities of the American Continent, in one's own special car, undisturbed by the presence of strangers, and entirely free from detention or the ordinary annoyances of travel, has never before been offered the residents of the region traversed by the New York and Oswego and New Jersey Midland railroads, and their connecting lines. The Managers pledge themselves to do all in their power to render the trip a safe, comfortable and entertaining one for all who shall avail themselves of it.

In applying for coaches, state how many will be required, also the number of passengers to be accommodated, and the exact dates for which they will be wanted. All further information, as to terms, etc., can be obtained by application to Agents, or addressing

Wm. H. WEDD,
General Passenger Agent,
145 Broadway, N. Y.

Northern New York Conference.

APPOINTMENTS.

HERKIMER DISTRICT.

A. E. Corse, P. E.—P. O., Illion, N. Y.
Herkimer, W. F. Markham.
Illion, H. W. Bennett.
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Mohawk, E. A. Tuttle.
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St. Johnsville, J. W. Simpson.
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Norway & Newport, W. S. Chase, D. Austin, Sup.
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Ames & Sprout Brook, W. S. Titus.
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Sharon Springs, H. Kelsey, Sup.
Sagmont, Robert Flint.
Waterville, C. W. Brooks.
Clayville, To be supplied.
Brookfield, Sam'l Salisbury.
East Hamilton, S. M. Fisk.
Earlville, E. C. Crown.

UTICA DISTRICT.

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Hannibal Center, Squire Boyd.
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Pulaski, W. W. Hunt.
Orwell, J. R. Crofoot.
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Gilberts Mills, LeRoy Grant.
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Camden, A. L. York.
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Durhamville, Lester Brown.
Vienna, J. O. Gifford.
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Lisbon, R. F. Whipple.
Waddington, G. S. Hastings.
Madrid, G. P. Kenney.
Buck's Bridge, H. C. Abbott.
Russell, to be supplied by M. R. Pierce.
Clair, E. W. Wheeler.
South Canton and Pierpont, A. E. Kirtland.
Colton, Ebenezer Briggs.
Parisville, W. E. Reynolds.
West Stockholm, A. C. Danforth.
Norfolk, R. E. King.
Louisville, D. B. White.
Mansena, J. P. Brown.
Brasher, W. H. Bury.
Fort Jackson, Samuel Short.
Lawrence, W. C. Goodwin.
Sticksville, H. O. Thida.
Dickinson, J. F. Pierce.
Moir, T. W. Gregory.
Bangor, C. E. Dorr.
Malone, A. L. Smalley.
South Malone, to be supplied by W. P. Dillenbeck.
Burke, W. R. Helma.
Chateaugay, L. L. Palmer.
Constable, E. H. Wagh.
Fort Covington, E. E. Kellogg.
Comboy, to be supplied by E. Will.
St. Regis Indian Mission, to be supplied by Thos. La Fort.

Vermillion Items.

Mr. McDaniels, our blacksmith, has closed his labors here and moved back to Fulton to work for the Stone Quarry Company.
Mr. Alfred Curtis has rented the Vermillion hotel and has taken possession.
Mr. McDaniels has sold his house and lot to James Hill.
Mrs. Spencer, widow of the late Willis Spencer, is very low with consumption.

Last week a young man by the name of Wallace was severely injured while at work in Ingerson & Hill's pump factory. He was oiling some of the bearings when his clothing came in contact with a revolving shaft. He was whirled over and over until his clothing gave away and he was thrown some distance upon the floor.

Mr. Ezra Ure has rented his grist mill to M. Wallace, and has also rented his store to O. R. Ure, who is now proprietor.

JOHN.

Vermillion, April 7, 1876.

A Brace of Western Greenies in the Hands of Three Card Monte Men.

The train on the Central which reached Rochester from Syracuse about ten o'clock last Saturday morning had on board two Western men who had a sad story to relate. Their story is, that some distance east of this city several well dressed men approached them, and proposed a "little game just for fun." The greenies accepted the proposition, and one of them put up \$250 and a gold watch and chain on the result of the game. The other bet \$100 and his gold watch. Of course the sharpers took the money and watches, and just before reaching Syracuse, jumped from the cars and left for parts unknown. The victims reported their losses to the Rochester detectives, but concluded not to stop over. Men who engage in such games of chance will not get much sympathy from the public. Of course the "greenies" didn't give their names.—*Syracuse Standard*.

—George H. Goodwin left last Tuesday for Southern California and perhaps Oregon. He goes to visit his brother, and expects to be gone about three months.

Attempt to Commit Suicide.

This morning about nine o'clock the east side was the scene of more excitement than has been witnessed there in a long time. The cause of the excitement was the attempt of Albert F. Smith to commit suicide by drowning in the East Cove. Shortly before nine o'clock James P. Hoey, the shoe dealer on East Bridge street, was told that Mr. Smith had threatened to take his own life, and had started down Third street toward the lake. Mr. Hoey immediately left his store and notified officer Lewis of the evident intention of Mr. Smith to drown himself, and the officer started in pursuit. A young man named Johnson, who heard the threat, followed Mr. Smith and on reaching J. K. Post's lower office on pier 4, went in and told I. W. Raven, and that gentleman and H. C. Manwaring hurried out after the unfortunate man, whom they saw going toward pier 6.

On reaching the pier Mr. Smith, who had not stopped though hailed several times, stopped and picked up two large stones, which he deposited in his overcoat pockets, and started on a run toward the edge of the pier near the center. Realizing that it was life or death Mr. Raven ran rapidly after Mr. Smith, overtook him on the edge of the wharf and seized his coat tail just as he jumped into the water. Although the sudden spring nearly broke Mr. Raven's hold he held on and prevented Mr. Smith from sinking. In two or three minutes several men had gathered and the weak man was taken from the water and given in charge of Officer Lewis, who took him home.

It is thought that Mr. Smith was laboring under temporary insanity. For several days past he has acted strangely, wandering about in an aimless manner. We have no desire to speak of the causes which have led to the wreck of Mr. Smith for they are well known. He has held a high position among our business men, and in his days of prosperity was kind-hearted and charitable.—*Oneida Paladium*, April 7.

Meteorology.

We have had a remarkably open and mild winter, notwithstanding the story in autumn that the beavers had double lined their winter quarters. There has been a great amount of rain, and but little snow, covering the ground but a few weeks at a time.

The mean temperature of the month of March, 1876, was 24.79°, which was 0.02° higher than the same month in 1875. The average temperature of the coldest day of the month was 5½°; the warmest, 49½°. The highest point at which the mercury was seen was 58° at 2 p. m. on the 7th. The lowest point 5° below zero on the morning of the 3d. The average temperature at 7 a. m., 24.03°; at 2 p. m., 32.38°; at 9 p. m., 26.38°.

The amount of snow which fell was 12 inches. Snow or rain fell on 21 days in the month. On 10 days the atmosphere was clear.

The first thunder storm of the year came on the 11th of February. During that storm we had a rainfall of 2.2 inches. This amount exceeds the average fall of any one of the three first months of the year during the last ten years. Only once in the time mentioned has the monthly fall been so much as this. In 1873 the amount of rain which fell in March was 2.3 inches, being 0.1 of an inch more than that of the present year. Only three times in the last ten years have we had thunder storms. These occurred March 10th, 1868; January 17th, 1870; March 14th, 1875.

Sleighting occurred on 51 days, as follows: Seven days in December, five in January, nineteen in February, and twenty in March.

Although earth, forest and shrub are blanketed with snow, though pond and river are bound in icy fetters, the robins and blue-birds have come to herald the advent of spring.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, April 3, 1876.

How to Amuse the Children.

Parents are often at a loss to find amusement for the young people, which will at the same time, instruct their minds, cultivate the taste, and give them an appreciation for the beautiful.

A new and interesting art has recently been introduced to the public called "Decalcomanie," or Transfer Pictures. These Pictures are printed on prepared paper, in many colors and sizes, of almost every variety of subject, such as Heads, Landscapes, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Insects, Comic Figures, &c., which can be instantly and permanently transferred to almost any article one may wish to ornament, such as Fans, Work Boxes, Vases, Flower Pots, Furniture and various articles of household use. When transferred these pictures, in beauty of color and artistic design, rival the most beautiful painting. The art is easily acquired, and children even soon become experts; the process of decorating articles with these pictures is novel, ingenious and highly interesting to young and old.

A Dream.

[Written by Miss E. M. Bolt, a pupil of the Deaf-mute Institution, Michigan.]
I had a nice dream last night, mother,
And now I must tell it to you;
'Twas a calm and pleasant dream, mother,
And I wish it had only been true.

I dreamed I was once more a child, mother,
In the old homestead so dear;
And playing in childish glee, mother,
With brothers and sisters near.

Our father sat by the door, mother,
And watched us in our play;
And we played in quiet peace, mother,
'Till darkness closed the day.

But I woke to find it a dream, mother,
Oh, if it had only been true;
But they are gone, all gone, mother,
And I have none left but you.

But we to each other will cling, mother,
'Till the message of death shall come;
And then we will part on earth, mother,
To meet in our heavenly home.

Work Wanted for Deaf-Mutes.

There are several able-bodied deaf-mute men in the city of New York, who would like to have employment upon farms. The undersigned asks his friends in the rural districts to keep this fact in mind, and to write him upon the subject as soon as they know of any chances for deaf-mute laborers.

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
No. 9 West 18th St., New York.

Cleveland, Ohio, Notes.

CONFIRMATION BY BISHOP BEDELL.

On Palm Sunday, in the evening, the Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, Bishop of Ohio, administered the apostolic rite of confirmation to nineteen candidates, ten of whom were deaf-mutes. The services were held at Grace Church, the Rev. A. H. Washburn, Rector. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. The Bishop's address, which had been written, was read to the mutes in the sign-language by the undersigned. After the sermon a collection was taken for the "Church Mission to Deaf-mutes" and \$19.70 was realized. This was, however, made somewhat larger by a pledge made by the Bishop himself for \$20 for one year. The whole sum was further increased by the offerings of the deaf-mutes at the afternoon service on the same day which was \$1.70.

I send you a copy of the address for insertion in the columns of the JOURNAL. [This address will appear in our next issue.—Ed.]

A. W. M.

Troy Notes.

On the evening of the 18th ult., the members of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club and some of their friends took the cars for Albany. After leaving the cars and walking up the long hill, just as it was about 7 p. m., the company rushed into the house surprising Miss Mary Toole to such an extent that it was some time before she could comprehend the situation. On the tables were soon deposited oysters, fruit and cake by those who had brought them. Miss Toole then invited the party into the cozy parlor of the house and told them to amuse themselves according to their own pleasure. She soon had supper prepared and the guests were invited to sit around it and regale themselves. Her table was heavily loaded and tastefully arranged, and we all did justice to it and credit to ourselves. The time was spent very pleasantly until late in the evening, when the party departed for home with many kind remembrances of Miss Toole's hospitality.

At the Club rooms in the evening of the 25th ult., John T. Southwick, by appointment of the Committee on Lectures, Debates and Library, delivered a lecture. Economy was his subject. His discourse was well delivered and instructive. The following extracts of the lecture show that he handled his subject well:

"Take care of the pennies. Look well to your spendings. No matter how much you earn; if you spend more than you receive you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it after it is made. Little expenses, like little mice if there are a great many of them in a barn, make great waste. Hair by hair heads become bald; straw by straw thatch goes from the cottage, and drop by drop the rain finds its way into the chambers. If you give all to your back and stomach there is nothing left for the savings bank. Work well and be economical while you are young and you may rest and have comforts when you are old." The address was very favorably received.

At the Club rooms a few days since the following question was debated: "Should the Holy Bible be excluded from public schools?" Decided in favor of the negative. Michael McLaughlin, of Greenbush, spoke in favor of the affirmative and James M. Witbeck for the negative.

Misses Ives and Demers, formerly pupils of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Miss Hunter have been sent to the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Rome to finish their course of instruction. This shows that the Board of Supervisors of this county like the management of the latter school, and it is said they have resolved on sending more pupils there when they receive their applications.

Mrs. Chas. H. Cooper, of Watertown, was in Albany last Thursday, spending a few days with her friends, one of whom is Miss Toole. She will also go to the home of her parents to spend a fortnight. Her friends may be pleased to know that she was looking hearty and well.

W. T. C.

Troy, April 3, 1876.

A deaf and dumb boy, son of Bill Kyle, of Blount Co., Ala., killed his mother, brother and sister, one day last week.

Letter from Wm. B. Swift.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It may be of interest to many of your readers to be told that the "Adventures of a Deaf-mute" or the "Old Man of the Mountains" has met with such an extensive sale. Since the publication of the story in a pamphlet of 48 pages, there have been sold in round numbers 27,000 copies. Of the manual alphabets containing the likenesses of GALLAUDET and CLERIC in woodcuts, I have sold 6,000 copies. They are sold in the New England States and a part of Canada. Besides these books, I have sold 42,000 copies of deaf-mute calendars during the past two winters, not to mention alphabet cards, book memoranda, &c., giving employment to from three to eight deaf-mutes, who by various causes—mostly on account of the dullness of business—were thrown out of employment during the last three years. From these sales a large amount of money has been received, one-half of which the agents receive, and the other half is paid to me. I have not yet realized a fortune out of this business. The truth of the matter is that I have to pay a large part of the money to the printers. Besides, I have done much to aid deaf-mutes, suffering for the want of the necessities of life, assisted them in finding employment and in various other ways. I supported the Boston Deaf-mute Mission for two years, paying for religious services, &c. The constant appeal for help from me has been so great that I felt it to be a great necessity to have some plan carried out for the relief and support of the most needy, during this dull time for business. While afflicted with a very painful, diseased eye, I kept my brain busy in devising the best method for carrying out such a plan. When I heard of the \$500 bequest of Miss Morrison, I was struck with a happy idea—that the establishment of an Industrial Home was the most commendable plan. Having seen so much of suffering among the poorest deaf-mutes my sympathy was strongly enlisted in their behalf, and to turn the \$500 to the best account and in a manner that would accomplish the most good. The idea of an Industrial Home I first communicated to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and was not a little surprised and pleased to find that he readily coincided with the proposition to start a Home and promised to help me in carrying out the project. It is perhaps enough on this point to say that thus far the plan has been adopted to my entire satisfaction. Often have I prayed that God will bless the undertaking. I have kept and still have in my employment honest and faithful agents, and but for them during my sickness I should have fared much worse. I feel that I owe them a debt of love and gratitude for their faithfulness in doing business for me during my affliction of nearly one year. And now they will also be of signal service to me while I am agent for the collection of funds for the Home, as they are known throughout New England, and will be very useful as my sub-agents in collecting money for the same. I feel very much encouraged with the prospects of the Industrial Home. One of these appointees of mine, Samuel Hamilton, of Rockland, Me., has collected and just paid over to me \$43 in cash from among his friends in the town where he resides. I have deposited the money with the Trustees of the Home. This agent is a very pleasant-faced man, very agreeable in his manners, and it is no wonder that he sells books like hot cakes. He is making money very fast out of the sale of my books, and already owns a house, and has a happy family.

Robert Crawford, another agent, is of great value to me. He is a native of Scotland. Three years ago, during the panic, he lost his employment in New York, and Dr. Gallaudet sent him to me, with the request that I should help him find work, as he was unable to find it for himself. Not succeeding in procuring work for him, I set him at work selling books on trial, and to my surprise and great delight he was a remarkably good salesman in the book business. He has sent all, or nearly all, the profits which he has made in that direction (more than \$400), to his poor parents in Scotland.

Robert Docharty also came from Scotland, where he was educated. Thinking he could do better in this country, he crossed the sea to America, and soon after witnessed the explosion of his "air castles," and was powerless to help himself. I gave him an agency for the sale of books, and he is now doing first-rate at it. He is entirely deaf and dumb, and is a good penman. From what I make out of the book business alone I manage to live and keep my family comfortably well. On account of the loss of the vision of my right eye and the dimness of the other, I thought I could do no better than to spend the remainder of my life in doing good for the deaf-mutes; and if God shall give me health and strength, shall labor earnestly for the success of the Industrial Home. I hope the deaf and dumb of New England will appreciate the cause, and liberally respond with what help they can afford, and it will not be long before the Home will become one in tangible form.

Wm. B. SWIFT.

Marblehead, Mass., March 28, 1876.

Elmira Notes.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Deaf-Mute Southern Tier Literary Club took place on the 1st of April, at the parlor of the Y. M. C. A. There was a good attendance, members being present from many localities in the vicinity of this city, and from a distance. From various causes, the hard times being the main one, the club had not increased as rapidly as it should, and its membership that day was not more than twenty-five. The membership will, we hope, be increased to at least one hundred during the present year. The constitution and by-laws were passed by a two-thirds vote of the members present. The report of the president is full of suggestive thought

and expression concerning the constitution and by-laws. There was not much business transacted. Another meeting will be held on the 4th day of July next. The deaf-mutes who live in the southern part of New York State should come and join the club.

HANNIBAL HAMLET.

April 14th, 1876.

The Goodell Matter.

We print below an affidavit from R. A. Goodell and the accompanying letter from his wife, both of which were received some time ago, and which have remained in their pigeon-hole longer than was necessary.

AFFIDAVIT OF R. A. GOODELL.

During the summer of 1875, I was in New York State selling patent rights. I met A. Kowald a short time previous to the Watertown convention, and immediately after that convention I closed a bargain with him by which he paid me \$200.00 for the right to manufacture and sell the O'thousand churn in Erie Co., N. Y. Immediately after this, I entered into an arrangement with him by which we were to manufacture churns together, in Buffalo; the bargain was that I was to have half the profits from all churns sold in Erie county; and as long as the partnership existed, he paid half the expenses, he was to have half of all the profits realized from churns sold outside of Erie county, or in other words, anywhere in Michigan or New York where I had not sold territory. No regular partnership papers were made out at the time, but if everything had gone right and I could have got along with him I should have had it done. The assignment of Erie county was regularly made out by a lawyer in presence of witnesses. Well, according to my books, and I have the accounts all down in black and white, we expended in making churns \$66.04, one-half of which, \$33.02, Kowald paid. This money was paid out for actual materials used in the construction of the churn, and does not include the value of my time, for which I made no charge—it being understood that after a little, when we got a shop started as we were intending to do, Kowald was to hire a man to work in his place, until some time in the summer of the present year, when he proposed to give up his present business and devote his time entirely to making churns. With good facilities for their manufacture, the churns can be built in Buffalo for \$4.50 each, but our (I should say my, for I did all the work) facilities were poor and the churns we got started would, when completed, have cost us nearly, if not quite, \$5.00 each. We had sixteen churns fairly started, two of them completed and others nearly so, when Kowald got discouraged and refused to pay out any more money in the business. Under the circumstances, it being late in the fall, and a bad time to begin any business, I could not afford to go ahead alone, so I gave up the whole business, and leaving everything in Kowald's hands at the shops where I had been at work, (except two churns) I came to Michigan. Since I have been here I have written to Kowald, but never have received any communication from him. As to the Miss Liefeld he mentions, I know no such person, no party by that name ever endorsed a note for me.

R. A. GOODELL.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 6th day of March, 1876.

HORACE HUNT, Justice of the Peace.

In Presence of

JOHN T. WHITE.

MRS. GOODELL'S LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR:—As your paper is used as a means for others to make known their grievances, no doubt you will also allow replies to such grievances to appear. If so, then please print the enclosed affidavit of my husband.

That the attack on him is unjust, no fair-minded person can deny. If Kowald felt himself aggrieved, he ought to have written or at least have answered the letter that my husband wrote him, but instead he now comes out with a full-fledged accusation of swindling.

Recommendations of honesty and industry from Dr. Peet are generally derided by the one who carries them and if Ransom showed any, then the Dr. is the one to whom to apply as to their genuineness.

Although Miss Liefeld (whoever she may be) never endorsed a note for my husband, other parties have; but he does not owe a dollar that he does not intend to pay. Advertising him as a swindler, however, is not the surest way of collecting money from him.

Patent rights men are supposed to be rather sharp, but that does not go to prove that they are swindlers. And pray, where has A. Kowald been swindled? Does he mean to advertise that he knows nothing at all, and that all other mutes are of just the same calibre as he?

However, no one need take alarm at his gratuitous advice, for my husband has quit selling patent rights to such unsophisticated persons as he seems to be; but if the one who wrote the article for him will put in his appearance, he can be accommodated.

MRS. M. C. GOODELL.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Syracuse, Phoenix & Oswego Railroad Company, for the election of directors, will transpire at the company's office in Syracuse, May 2d, at 11 o'clock a. m.

There will be a Dime Social, Maple Sugar and Ice Cream Festival at the house of Phineas Davis, this (Thursday) evening, the 13th. From 8 to 9 o'clock will be devoted to reading, recitations and singing; from 9 to 11, music and dancing.

William W. Lewis has been appointed postmaster at South Albion, Oswego county.

The Industrial Home.

MARBLEHEAD, March 28, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I send you two articles from the Rockland (Me.) papers, one, The Opinion of March 17th, and the other, The Rockland Gazette of March 23d. Rockland is the home of one of my faithful agents, Mr. Samuel Hamilton. The Belfast deaf-mutes are Charles A. Brown and his friends. Mr. Brown's fare was paid by his friends to give him an opportunity to come to the Salem Convention to oppose my plan of an Industrial Home. But he failed in his opposition to it, and returned home to vent his spite against the project. Here I append the articles referred to.

WM. B. SWIFT.

From the Opinion.—"We have received the following, signed by six deaf-mutes:

"MR. EDITOR:—In the Opinion of last week's issue we noticed a modest call on the benevolent to give aid in helping to establish an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. At least it is a begging concern. The public would do well to withhold such aid, as we in common with other deaf-mutes of Maine feel annoyed at such begging and disagreeable practice. Maine has people to be taken care of within her limits, and therefore it is earnestly hoped that such funds as are collected should not be allowed to go out of the State. All newspapers in Maine are respectfully requested to copy this in order to put the benevolent on their guard."

From the Rockland Gazette.—"New England Gallaudet Association and Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a paragraph in the Opinion of the 17th inst. concerning the movement to establish an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. The imputations against the character of the enterprise I am endeavoring to assist, are false and unjust. The work is truly a worthy and meritorious one, and has received the warmest approval of the wisest and best of men. We do not wish our unfortunate class to be dependent upon charity for their living. There are many poor deaf-mutes, with families to support, who would be glad to have the advantage for earning their support provided by the Industrial Home. There they will be paid whatever they can earn. I have had large experience in traveling through the New England States, and meet many of our unfortunate class asking me what they can do for a living. I can assure the charitable that the donations to this Institution will go for a good purpose. I know those persons in Belfast who wrote to the Opinion, and could give their names if necessary, but withhold them for proper reasons. Newspapers will confer a favor and aid a good object by publishing this. Any information required concerning the Gallaudet Association and Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, will be cheerfully furnished by Wm. B. Swift, Marblehead, Mass., or by the subscriber,

"SAMUEL HAMILTON,

"25 Chestnut St., Rockland, Me."

The National Deaf-Mute College.

Years ago there was no instruction provided for the deaf and dumb in this country. In their own homes they were the unfortunate members, separated from all around them by an impassable barrier.

Their knowledge was extremely limited, simply the avoidance of what is harmful and dangerous in certain directions, while each deaf-mute's face was earnest with the expression of a soul longing to burst its prison bars. The first benefactor to the deaf and dumb was Thomas H. Gallaudet, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., whose name will always be sacred to thousands of persons to whom his labors opened a new world. Dr. Gallaudet married a deaf-mute lady, a noble, brilliant woman, educated in the school which he established, and to the seven children—none of them deaf-mutes—the mother-tongue which they learned first was the sign-language.

The oldest son, named for his father, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., of New York, who preaches every Sunday to a congregation in the sign language, also married a deaf-mute lady, charming and intellectual, whose facility in the speech of signs, expressive face or in a chat on paper cannot be excelled. Another son of the first Dr. Gallaudet is Edward M. Gallaudet, LL. D., President of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Washington. A visit to the college will well repay any one who is interested in humanity.

A pleasant ride of two miles from the city and we reach "Kendall Green," the home of Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General of the United States forty years ago—comprising an estate of a hundred acres, now the spacious grounds of the National Deaf-mute College. Through a handsome gate-way we drive up the avenue; at our left are the fine houses, built in brick, of Professor Gallaudet, Prof. Chickering, Prof. Fay and Prof. Denison, and before us the range of college buildings. On one side is the finished building in red brick, in the center the chapel in pointed Gothic architecture, faced on all sides with connecting brown stone, interspersed with courses of white Ohio sandstone, the roof of red and blue slate, laid in patterns and courses; and at the left in process of erection is the larger college building.

The grounds are extensive enough for handsome drives, but they have not yet been laid out; it seemed, however, as if there was more sunshine at Kendall Green than in any spot in Washington. Fitting it is that an appropriation for a college home to the deaf and dumb should furnish every surrounding of natural and artistic beauty that is possible. Their education all comes through the eye; then the eye must be fed with beauty. The interior of the chapel is very attractive; the room has paneled ceiling of light and dark-colored wood; the walls are

frescoed in delicate tints in plain panels; at the base is a dark paneled wainscot, and the room is lighted by ten large stained windows.

In the chapel is a fine plaster cast of Abbé de l'Épée, taken from his tomb in the Church of Saint Roch, Paris; also one of Abbé Sicard. The former, in 1760, developed the system of sign language, and Abbé Sicard perfected it. Upon the wall hangs a portrait of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, of Hartford, Conn.

In the preparatory school the first class we visit is Prof. Denison's. They are in the midst of an arithmetic lesson. Silence reigns, except the light stroke of pencil and slate; then the work is presented to the teacher with proper explanation.

None of the pupils when they came to the Institute had any knowledge of language. It is difficult to conceive of ideas without language, or what the mind is about (since it cannot help activity), thinking without words. And the first thing to do at school is to supply both thought and language, then lay out and cultivate the many avenues of the mind over which thought comes and goes. Charles Dickens said to a friend: "Do stop the ringing of that church bell. I can hardly hear my own ideas as they come into my head and say what I mean." But the deaf-mutes throughout the land call out to their friends: "Break this silence. Give us language of some sort that we may know what our ideas mean." With them the idea is prominent in writing and talking by signs; they pack the words full of meaning.

Americans are very passive in looks; as they talk they give little facial expression, but the Frenchman's face talks all over, and so does the deaf-mute's; and their eyes have the most intense earnestness, as if nothing could escape them. Things that hearing persons never notice are quickly observed by their vigilant eyes.

Near us sits a lad of fourteen; he has a gift for drawing, and draws a picture, the illustration of his composition—a scene in a graveyard, the ghost of Diogenes rises from his grave to look for an honest man. Then the composition enlarges upon the scarcity of such men.

The Professor now tells the class a story by signs, and each pupil writes it out upon the board. Their lessons involve much translation—first emotion, feeling into ideas, ideas into signs, and signs into written words, or words spelled out by the fingers letter for letter. The difficulty is for them to memorize words enough to carry their ideas as they write or talk with speaking people; and here for the first time a teacher realizes how much a child who can talk knows when he first comes to school; he has been taught by all the people he ever met—been carried through a thorough preparatory course and never knew he was at work.

The only preparation the deaf child has is the careful observation of the motion and behavior of people and things about him, and a strict attention to one's teacher is half the battle to the scholar, they learn very rapidly.

When the scholars are all assembled in chapel listening with the eye to a lecture, the scene is remarkable from the unvarying attitude, every eye on the speaker. In an audience we are quite in the habit of seeing people's heads in all sorts of positions, eyes shut, heads down or turned in various directions, anywhere except at the preacher, who often waxes duller and duller, reflecting the indifference of his hearers.

In the Collegiate Department the curriculum of study is extensive and thorough, open to both sexes, and the object, as in all education, is to drill the faculties of the mind that they may always be at their best for daily work and usefulness. There are from eighty to a hundred pupils in the Institution. Out of school hours the young girls are taught needle work and various household industries. For the boys there is the cabinet shop, where, by two hours work each day, they make a start in the trade, and on leaving the school they are able to begin as journeymen workmen. They also do something in the way of gardening.

The scholars all board at the Institution, even if their homes are in the city, as they cannot come and go alone with safety.

The Government of the United States defrays the expenses of those who reside in the district of Columbia, or whose parents are in the army or navy, provided that they are not able to pay for their education. They also admit students from the States and Territories who are able to pay the college expenses. Commencement exercises usually take place in April, the extreme heat of June, July and August rendering those months undesirable, as indeed they are for most colleges in the land in spite of custom. So the United States Government generously pays its debts to these its dependent children, and if all the rich to the poor, the strong to the weak, the learned to the ignorant, the healthy to the infirm, the virtuous to the vicious, the good to the bad, and so on through a long catalogue of debts men owe each other—if these were all paid faithfully the millennium day would long since have dawned.

—E.

—Mr. C. B. Chapman has sold his house and lot on Spring street to M. L. Wright, possession given the first of May.

—Rev. Edward Stratton, of East Albany, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sunday, and preached two earnest and impressive discourses.

—We are glad that Rev. B. F. Barker is still Presiding Elder on this district, and that Rev. S. P. Gray is to be with us another year.

—Two large flocks of pigeons passed over this place Tuesday and Wednesday. There were so many of them that they darkened the sky, and our sportsmen all went hunting.

PARISH.

Last Tuesday F. H. Berry, school commissioner was at our place examining and licensing teachers. There were 18 teachers present. About one half obtained licenses. The examination was both oral and written. Mr. Berry did not examine the teachers upon history and civil government, but gave fair notice he should do so in the future. The teacher should be able to teach these branches in addition to others is commendable. His constituents should encourage him in the effort. Certainly the young now, who will by and by wield the great power of the nation, should be taught something about the power they will have to wield. History, too, which gives us a clue to the past, will materially assist in conducting the affairs of state. By knowing the past we are better prepared for the future. The common school should endeavor to educate as far as possible the whole man.

The partial education of a person tends to make him narrow-minded, bigoted and overbearing. Thorough education makes him charitable, unselfish and gentle. When old foggy farmers were trustees of this district they used to be so delighted when the cruties used to come here, that they were particular to have a good rousing fire built so that the cruties could comfortably proceed to business and be warm, but under the "noodispensashun" shivering was the first order of business, but our new Commissioner being an expert with the jack-knife, match and shavings, soon had the atmosphere altered.

ODD.

Parish, April 8, 1876.

Robbery at the Depot.

Considerable excitement has been caused in town by the mysterious disappearance of ten tubs of butter from the freight depot of the O. & R. Railroad (left there by W. O. Johnson), on Friday night last. The officers of the road, assisted by detective Slattery, of Oswego, Deputy Sheriff Simons, of Mexico, and others, after patiently "working up" the case, on Tuesday caused the arrest of a young man giving the name of J. C. Hall, of Sandy Creek. A preliminary examination was begun yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon before H. L. Cole, Esq., Justice of the Peace. E. B. Wynn, Esq., of Watertown, appeared for the people, and G. W. Bradner for the accused. After examining a number of witnesses further hearing was adjourned until to-day.

Centennial Relics.

Not long since, while looking over some old books, upon a mere scrap of paper I found the following quaint epiph, which I have never seen in print, nor found anyone that ever heard of it before.

EPITAPH.

Once rudely and plump,
But now a pale lump,
Beneath this old stump
Lies honest Joe Crump,
Who wished his neighbors no evil,
What though by death's thump
He's laid on his rump,
Yet up he shall jump
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er death and the devil.

Yu No.

Palermo, N. Y.

Gospel Truth about Advertising.

The Troy Times says truthfully: "The matter of advertising, as a business measure, is often misunderstood. It is an undeniable rule of the trade that advertising pays. Of course the same judgment and prudence must be exercised in advertising as in any other part of one's business. If this is not done, instead of paying, it may become a source of loss. It is more necessary to advertise now than it was fifty or a hundred years ago. People are more busy than they were then. They have less time and leisure to look about for what they want. They look to the newspapers to learn where their wants can be supplied, and they accept it as a settled rule that a man who advertises the commodities which he has to dispose of, instead of waiting for the people to find out the fact for themselves, is the best man to deal with, and most likely to give satisfaction."

A special dispatch to the Sunday Herald says: "A large portion of the rock at Bragg's Bluff, Lookout Mountain, which has been moving from the parent ledge for two weeks, weighing about 2,000 tons, was forced down, falling fully forty feet, and striking the mountain road at the edge of the bluff. Here it was dashed into pieces, and hundreds of these many of them ten feet or more in thickness, were hurled down the side of the mountain where the incline is some fifty degrees. The crash was terrific, and as the huge masses went rolling down the mountain side the tops of forest trees were twisted together, their trunks snapped like reeds and everything was swept before them. Immense clouds of dust were raised, and the earth was shaken for a great distance around. The shock was violently felt by men a quarter of a mile distant. The effect combined all the sublimity of a thunder storm and the terror of an earthquake. The air appeared laden with mist, as it did during the famous battle which occurred there a few years ago. The rest of the ledge is expected to fall ere long."

The fellow who attempted to wreck the 6.10 express on the Rome & Oswego railroad last week, turns out to be Geo. W. Phillips, of Gilberts Mills, town of Volney. When arraigned before a Pulaski justice, he confessed the crime and said he did it to "see 'er jump."

—Measles plentiful.

—Greenbacks in great demand.

News of the Week.

The Army Headquarters is ordered back to Washington.

Four large powder magazines at Salt Lake City blew up Wednesday, sending a shower of rocks into the city killing four people and doing great damage to property.

Drs. R. S. Storrs, Badington. William M. Taylor and others have withdrawn from the Association of Congregational Ministers, because a committee was appointed to co-operate with the "Scandal Commission" in investigating the Beecher case.

Twenty-two lives were lost by the sinking of the ferry-boat at Aberdeen, Scotland, on Wednesday.

One hundred and forty-three thousand dollars of New York & Oswego Midland railroad (western extension), first mortgage bonds were sold at auction in New York, on Wednesday, at five cents on the dollar.

Mr. Moulton's counsel have decided to appeal from Justice Dykman's decision in the demurrer in the case against Mr. Beecher. The appeal will be argued in the general term in Poughkeepsie in May.

The London Daily News severely condemns the action of the United States Senate in rejecting the nomination of Mr. Dana as Minister to England.

It is understood in London that the owners of the emigrant ship Strathmore, which was lost in the South Pacific, have decided to suitably acknowledge the conduct of the captain of the American whaler Young Phoenix, who rescued the survivors of the wreck.

The wife of Hon. Benjamin F. Butler died in Boston, Saturday.

Russia favors the title of empress for Victoria.

In the boat race between Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames, Saturday, the latter won by three boat lengths, in twenty minutes and nineteen seconds.

The Bosnians are committing outrages on both Christians and Mohammedans for not joining the revolt.

Three persons were killed instantly at Binghamton, N. Y., by the explosion of a boiler that was tested on the sidewalk.

Twelve hundred tons additional are on their way from France, while a collection of paintings valued at \$750,000 is coming from England.

General Garibaldi has accepted a gift of 100,000 lire offered him by the nation and King some time ago.

A. T. Stewart died in New York, Monday, from inflammation of the bowels.

Death of A. T. Stewart.

Minor Topics.

Thirty-four Governments will be represented at Philadelphia.

A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho.

England has spent \$1,000,000,000 on her navy within the last eighteen years.

The Grangers of the United States have over \$18,000,000 invested in their various enterprises.

The King of Holland has given \$400 toward the erection of a Dutch church in New York city.

The Scotch herring fisheries earn \$7,500,000 yearly, and the English fisheries do not fall much below that figure.

A new museum has been opened in Rome, in which will be exhibited the antiquities discovered there during the last five years.

One hundred thousand dollars in silver was received at the Treasury on Friday, from San Francisco, and was deposited in the Treasury vaults.

The San Francisco Call says that Mr. Montgomery Blair has bought for \$100,000,000 the New India quicksilver mine.

A London dealer in old china has confessed that he sold to Baron Rothschild, for £250, a bogus piece which only cost 40 shillings.

The glass dome of the Centennial art gallery will be lighted by 2,000 gas jets. The dome is 266 feet above the level of the Schuylkill, and will be visible at night all over Philadelphia.

A "ranchero" near Santa Fé owns 80,000 head of cattle, which he pastures on 16,000 adjoining sections of land. One hundred "vaqueros" and one hundred boys take care of them.

H. B. Claffin & Co.'s sales of dry goods in 1875 amounted to \$35,000,000—an amount somewhat surprising these hard times. But, as compared with their sales in 1872, amounting to \$56,000,000, the contraction of business is important.

A New York Times correspondent charges that recent telegraphic statements relative to the yield of the Black Hills mines are fraudulent, and issued to draw emigration thither for the benefit of traders and speculators.

A plan of Yorktown (Va.) and adjacent country, showing the operations of the American, English, and French armies during the siege, drawn with a crow pen, and presented to Lafayette, has just been deposited in the Virginia State Library.

The \$10,000,000 silver bullion which Flood & O'Brien intend to exhibit at the Centennial would make a solid block ten feet long, ten feet thick, and eight and one tenth feet high, containing 810 cubic feet, and would weigh nearly 294 tons.

A citizen of Michigan informs the United States Treasurer that he has "experienced religion," and gives convincing evidence of the fact by enclosing a draft for \$300, in restitution for a wrong he had done to the Government some time ago.

The Alta Californian is alarmed by the fact that for the next six months all the available room on the steamers and sailing vessels to arrive within that time has been secured for the importation of low-caste Chinese. Coming to the Centennial, of course.

Under its new laws Texas now exempts from taxation tools and instruments used in any trade or profession to the value of \$50; all safes and furniture to a like amount; one year's supplies from the product of the soil; all institutions of learning, with their property, and all hospitals and churches.

Mr. Forster has introduced a bill in the Legislature which provides that all town overseers of the poor shall hereafter be appointed by the supervisors of their several towns, and shall hold their office for three years. The compensation of said overseers shall be fixed by the board of town auditors of their respective towns. They can be removed from office for neglect of duty on complaint of five taxpayers.

The Rose Gardens of France.

The rose gardens of France are celebrated. Acres and acres of roses bloom in them for the perfume. Heliotrope, mignonette and other floral plants are also found side by side with them in dense masses. The air is heavy with almost sickening fragrance and for miles around the breezes bear the sweet tidings that they "have flown o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom." But who has heard of an English lavender-field? Few, certainly, in this country. Within thirty miles of London these lavender-fields have become an extensive and recognized industry. There is annually produced in England alone sufficient oil from the plant to manufacture thirty thousand gallons of spirits of lavender, besides a large quantity, the total of which is unknown, to be used in the production of other perfumes with more pretentious names. This plant is at the best when between three years of age and seven. The harvest time is the first week in August. The flowers are then cut and taken to the distillery, followed by an innumerable number of bees, who are especially fond of them. Here the essential oil is pressed out and is ready to be mixed with the proper ingredients to make lavender-water.

Chinese Habitations.

Eastern architects may get some hints of things to follow or avoid from a description which the Virginia City Chronicle gives of the structure erected by the Chinamen in that city: "Between lights the Chinaman is an industrious animal. Just now he is turning his energies to building, and like his fighting, some of it is contrary to law and also shocking to a correct architectural taste. On the Northwest corner of I and Union streets John has created a marvellous affair. It is built out far enough to occupy a third of the roadway. The front elevation (height five feet) is composed of odds and ends of stone picked up in the neighborhood. The one window is formed of three oil cans—two upright and the other laid across the top. The roof of this edifice—which has a frontage of about twenty-five feet and a depth of thirty or more—would make a handsome playground for a school, as it is perfectly flat and composed of earth. The interior, which the reporter doubled himself up to enter, is divided into numerous little dens and one spacious saloon, with earthen floor and one oil-can window. The place is shortly to be opened as a restaurant, provided the police don't interfere, which they should do. The idea of utilizing oil-cans for building material has been eagerly seized by other Celestials, and the consequence is numerous fireproof shanties. The cans, filled with earth and piled one upon another, make a solid wall, and no bullet can penetrate them—not a slight consideration these times. Underground residences are also popular. A big square hole is dug into the hillside, covered in with sticks, straw and an occasional plank. The door is natural furnished by the Eastern slope. Although such trifles as light and air are left out of consideration, the bomb-proof character of the underground structure has a charm for the Chinese inhabitant. The only drawback to such a house is the probability that on some rainy night an enemy may take it into his shaven head to dig a trench and direct the water of the street down the chimney."

Oat Straw.

On the first of last April one of our shrewdest suburban came into town with an open wagon loaded with oat straw, which he was anxious to sell to those about putting down their spring carpets. He accordingly drove through the more quiet streets, crying "Oat Straw" at the top of his voice. When the wagon was half emptied, some fellow put the stump of a lighted cigar under the straw and left it to take care of itself. He rode along, crying "Oat Straw" until, by and by, a small boy said:

"Mister, your cart is afire!"

He had it full in mind that it was the first of April, and took no notice of it, but kept on.

"Say," said a gentleman as he passed, "your straw is smoking."

"So's your aunt," he replied, looking very cunning.

"Mister!" screamed a red-headed woman from an upper chamber window, "your straw's burning."

"So's your hatch, mum; put yer head in a bucket of water, mum, and 'stinguish it. Oat straw!"

Thus he went on, touching his nose at some alarmists, and replying to others, till he met a policeman.

"See here," said that functionary, "are you a cursed incendiary, going to burn the town? Your wagon is all on fire."

He did not dare reply saucily, but with a grin assured the man of buttons that he knew chalk from cheese on the first of April, when his horse was suddenly seized by the head and turned around, the wind bringing the smoke full into the driver's face.

"Fire!" he yelled. "Oat straw! Fire and I thought all the time that it was a stupid first of April hoax. Seventy-five cents out and no insurance! Who in thunder ever heard of a spontaneous combustion in April!"

The Deacon's Proposal.

In the town of Hopkinton, Mass., lived a certain Deacon Small. In his advanced age he had the misfortune to lose the rib of his youth. After doing penance by wearing a weed on his hat a full year, he was recommended to a certain Widow Hooper, living in an adjoining town. The deacon was soon astride of his old brown mare, and on arriving at the widow's door he discovered her in

the act of turning the suds from her washtubs. Said the deacon: "Is this the widow Hooper?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well," continued the deacon, "I am that little bit of an old dried-up Deacon Small, and have only one question to propose to you." "Please propose, sir." "Well, Madame," said the deacon, "have you any objection to going to Heaven by the way of Hopkinton?" "None at all, deacon," was the reply. "Come in, deacon." Suffice it to say they were married the next day.

The London Times has an editorial article on the subject of the adventures of the survivors of the emigrant ship Strathmore, which concludes as follows: The vessel which at length arrived to rescue them was a United States whaler on her course to the South Sea fisheries. Her Captain, we are told, gave up the chances of the season's profits for the sake of the poor creatures he found at Crosetts, and who needed an amount of care they could not have received if he had not taken them with him. We are sure the English nation will judge as it deserves of the sacrifice to which Captain Gifford submitted, and will not fail to do honor, and something more than bare honor, to the deed and to the man.

It is said there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk-worm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of the statement can easily satisfy himself by counting them.

A Centennial oath: "Don't care a Continental."

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The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

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so acceptable to our better class of readers, with during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

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This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the

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In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

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Lying 1 1/2 miles west of the village of Mexico, containing 50 acres of land, the buildings are good and it is well watered, in good state of cultivation, and well adapted for grazing or grain. Title good and will give good time on large amount of purchase money. Will exchange for a house and lot in Mexico village, or will sell said farm in 10 or 20 acre lots. For particulars enquire of the owner on the premises.

JOHN PARSONS. Mexico, Feb. 1, 1876. 14-2m

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Mr. Jones, aged twenty-five, having a family, and a desire to protect them and lay up something for the future, resolves that while in the prime of his manhood he will save from his yearly income for that purpose, the sum of \$100. This amount he deposits in the savings bank at six per cent compound interest. If he dies before making another deposit he leaves his family the paltry hundred dollars and accrued interest. If he lives to make this annual deposit for twenty years, and the bank does not fail, he will then have accumulated the sum of \$3,899.30. But how many and how great will be the temptations during this time to draw his accumulations, indulge in speculation and lose all, or a greater portion, and leave him at forty-five with little or nothing more than he had at starting.

Now, Mr. Smith, starting out in life at the same age and time, in exactly the same circumstances, endowed with similar hopes and fears; knowing the uncertainty of life, invests his saving of \$100 annually in an endowment policy, in some first-class life company, the same to be paid to his wife or children in case of his death before, and if living, to himself at the end of twenty years. Should he die within a twelve-month his family would receive the sum of \$2,100. Should he live to reach the age of forty-five he will have in ready money, (taking the past experience of the Mutual Life Ins. Co., of N. Y., as our guide), the sum of \$3,678.60. In other words, he has paid for this protection to his family, for twenty years, only \$220.70, or about \$11.00 per annum. How insignificant a sum is this to pay for the assurance, that if we are deprived of life at an early age by disease or accident, we shall leave those we love, and who are dependent upon us, beyond the reach of immediate want. My friends, the question is, who takes the wiser course, Jones or Smith?

E. H. WADSWORTH, Agent for the Mutual Life Ins. Co., of N. Y.

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Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J.

Incorporated April 28th, 1869.

Assets January 1st, 1876, \$500,000.00

Fire risks written in the State of New York, for the year 1875, \$1,417,430.00

Amount of losses paid in the State of N. Y., 1875, \$27,269.37

Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, O.

Incorporated Oct. 1st, 1871.

Cash Assets January 1st, 1876, \$975,282.00

Losses paid since organization of the Company, upwards of \$1,500,000.00

Lines moderate and well scattered. Conservative business and careful selection of its risks are mottoes of the Amazon.

Home Insurance Company, OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Incorporated July 12th, 1863.

Cash Assets January 1st, 1876, \$1,512,005.43

Losses paid since organization, 2,300,000.00

Amount of fire risks written in the State of N. Y., for the year 75, 4,147,430.00

Amount of losses paid in the State of N. Y., 1875, 22,098.00

By the insurance laws of the State of Ohio, stockholders are liable for double the amount of stock owned.

Insure in the Home.

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Good Farm Harness, \$30 00

" " " " with breeching, 35 00

SUPREMACY COURT.—STATE OF NEW YORK.—COUNTY OF OSWEGO.

Susan A. Abbott against J. H. Bothwell and William H. Reynolds. To the above named defendants: You are hereby required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, a copy of which is hereto annexed, and to serve a copy of your answer on me at my office in Oswego City, N. Y., within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, or to do so, or to take judgment against you for nonobedience and nineteen dollars and eighty cents with interest from June 1, 1875, besides costs.

N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney, Oswego, N. Y.

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